



BATMAN AND ROBIN!



No. 146

APRIL

Ten Cents

Detective COMICS

A 52 PAGE MAGAZINE

THE WORLD'S
GREATEST
DETECTIVE TEAM
MATCHES WITS
WITH A
CRAFTY VILLAIN
WHOSE LUCKY
NUMBER IS

Three!



NOW
MORE THAN
EVER

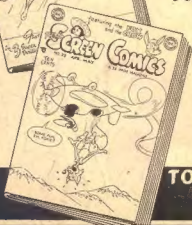
~ LOOK
FOR THIS
FAMOUS
SYMBOL!



THERE ARE
MORE COMICS ON THE NEWS-
STANDS THAN EVER BEFORE
- SOME *GOOD*, SOME *BAD*,
SOME *AVERAGE*...

THAT'S WHY IT'S MORE
IMPORTANT THAN EVER
FOR *YOU* TO LOOK FOR
THE **SUPERMAN-DC**
SYMBOL AT THE TOP OF
EVERY COMIC MAGAZINE
YOU BUY! IT'S YOUR
GUARANTEE OF THE **BEST**
IN COMIC READING!

**TOP VALUE
IN THE TOP
MAGAZINES!**



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BATMAN

WITH
ROBIN

-THE BOY WONDER-

ACCORDING TO SUPERSTITION, 3 IS THE LUCKY NUMBER! THIS IS THE STORY OF ONE MAN WHO NOT ONLY BELIEVED 3—BUT ALSO BELIEVED IT MADE HIM IMMUNE TO THE LAW! BUT WHEN BATMAN AND ROBIN APPEARED, THEY PITCHED 3 STRIKES AGAINST HIM, AND HE REALIZED THAT...

**"THREE'S
A CRIME!"**

3



THIS IS THE THIRD DAY CARL C. CAVE HAS BET ON THE HORSES WITHOUT WINNING...

WHAT HORSE YOU PLAYIN' TODAY?

MY NAME HAS 3 INITIALS... EACH THE **THIRD** LETTER OF THE ALPHABET... I WAS BORN ON THE **THIRD** DAY OF THE **THIRD** MONTH. I'LL PLAY THE **THIRD** HORSE IN THE **THIRD** RACE—THE LONG SHOT!



AMAZINGLY, THE HORSE WINS!

I SHOULD HAVE BEEN PLAYING **THREES** ALL MY LIFE!

WITH THAT KIND OF LUCK, I KNOW WHERE YOU COULD RUN YOUR WINNINGS INTO **BIG** MONEY!



SOON AFTER, CAVE AND TWO PALS ARE ON THE HIGH SEAS, HEADED FOR... FORTUNE OR MISFORTUNE?

THE COPPERS THINK THAT'S JUST A RICH MAN'S YACHT LYING AT ANCHOR... BUT IT'S REALLY A GAMBLING SHIP!

GREAT! NOW I'LL REALLY FIND OUT IF **THREE** IS MY LUCKY NUMBER!



AND **THREE** HOURS LATER, THE GAMBLING PASSENGERS ARE ASTONISHED BY THE PHENOMENAL LUCK OF CARL C. CAVE!

NUMBER **THREE** WINS AGAIN!

NOW I'LL SWITCH TO **THIRTY-THREE**!

INCREDIBLE! THOSE NUMBERS HAVE WON FOR HIM ALMOST EVERY TIME!



SUDDENLY, A POWERFUL LAUNCH OUTSIDE ROARS NEAR AND...

HEY! IT'S **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN**!



A GAMBLING SHIP, JUST AS I FIGURED! YOU PEOPLE ARE ALL LIABLE TO ARREST AND A HEAVY FINE! THE LAW FORBIDS GAMBLING!

WHAT A TOUGH BREAK! A STIFF FINE WOULD TAKE ALL MY WINNINGS!



WE'RE NOT WITHIN U.S. LAW! WE'RE OUTSIDE THE **THREE MILE** LIMIT!

ALL RIGHT, BUT I'M WARNING YOU... ONE SLIP AND WE CRACK DOWN... **HARD!**

THE **THREE MILE** LIMIT? IT REALLY IS MY LUCKY NUMBER! WHY, I'M IMMUNE TO THE LAW AS LONG AS I STICK TO **THREES!**

AND SO BEGINS AN ASTOUNDING NEW CAREER! WITH NOTHING BUT FAST AND EASY MONEY AS ITS GOAL, WHERE ELSE COULD IT TURN BUT TO... **CRIME?**

SAY, I KNOW A SWELL SAFE-CRACKER WE CAN USE!

NO, PETE! THERE'LL BE JUST THE **THREE** OF US! WE DON'T TOUCH A THING UNLESS THERE'S A **THREE** INVOLVED IN IT SOMEHOW!

HERE'S THE FIRST **LUCKY-NUMBER** JOB WE PULL— GET ME **THREE** GLASS LIGHT BOWLS AND A CAN OF GOLD PAINT!

ON TUESDAY, THE **THIRD** DAY OF THE WEEK... AT **THREE A.M.**... THE EVIL **TRIO** BREAKS INTO A LARGE AND PROSPEROUS STORE!

THE SIGN OF THE PAWNSHOP... **THREE** AGAIN! WE CAN'T FAIL!

WE BETTER NOT! THE WINDOW IS WIRED TO THE ALARM IN THE POLICE STATION!

MOMENTS LATER, THE LOOKOUT SPOTS TROUBLE APPROACHING!

THE COPPER... AND THEY BROUGHT **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN** WITH THEM!

YANK THE ROPE WE TIED TO THE PAWNSHOP SIGN!

WEE-EE-EE-EE-EE



DOWN COME THE **THREE** GOLDEN BOWLS
TO CRASH OPEN AND SPEW...



BATMAN AND **ROBIN** CHARGE THROUGH
THE CHOKING GAS TOWARD THE SHOP...



BUT CAVE, HIDING BEHIND A DOOR, HOOKS
THEM WITH AN ENGINEER'S **TRIANGLE**...



AND A TRIPOD HAS
THREE LEGS! ALL
THREES! MY
LUCKY NUMBER!



WHEN THE MANHUNTERS RECOVER, CAVE'S
TRICK IS EXPOSED...



AND ELSEWHERE...



DAYS PASS AND GOTHAM CITY SEES MORE SUCCESSFUL "THREE" CRIMES...



THE NUMBER **THREE** BECOMES AN OBSESSION WITH CAVE WHO IS NOW CALLED "**NUMBERS**" BY THE NEWSPAPERS AND UNDERWORLD...

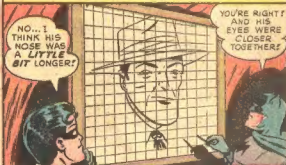
SEE, BOYS... ANOTHER **THREE** JOB CUT OUT FOR US?



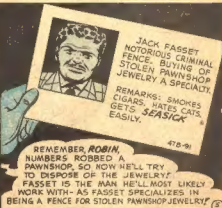
MEANWHILE, **BATMAN** ALSO MAKES PLANS...



AND SOON, BY DRAWING UPON THEIR PHOTOGRAPHIC MEMORY, THE **DYNAMIC DUO** DRAWS A PICTURE OF A WANTED CRIMINAL!



NOW I'LL MAKE SOME PHOTO PRINTS OF HIS FACE AND SEND THEM TO HEADQUARTERS!



LATER, FASSET'S EYES LOOK UP TOO LATE, AS AN ANONYMOUS FIST CRASHES UPON HIS JAW...



WHEN FASSET AWAKENS...

WHAT...WHERE AM I? A PORTHOLE...
BUNK... SPLASHING WATER?
OOOH... I'M SICK! I'M ON A SHIP...A SHIP IN A STORM!



THAT'S RIGHT, BUB... AND YOU'RE STAYIN' HERE UNTIL YOU TELL ME WHERE NUMBERS IS HIDIN'! THAT DOUBLE-CROSSIN' RAT AN' ME DID A JOB TOGETHER AN' HE RAN OFF WITH MY SHARE OF THE DOUGH!

OOOH—
I'M
GETTIN' SEASICK!



I DON'T KNOW WHERE NUMBERS IS... BESIDES, HE'LL KILL ME IF I TALK... OOH... I CAN'T STAND BEIN' SEASICK... I'M DYIN' ALREADY...
OHHHH...

SUIT YERSELF, BUB... BUT I AIN'T TURNIN' MY BOAT BACK TO DRY LAND TILL YA TALK!



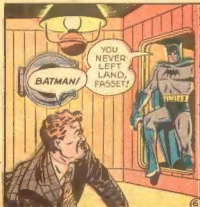
THE CABIN FLOOR TILTS VIOLENTLY; WATER CRASHES AGAINST THE PORTHOLE...

OOH... I'LL TALK! I'LL TALK! NUMBERS IS LIVIN' AT THE HOTEL BELTON! OOH— HE'S PULLIN' A JOB AT THREE O'CLOCK AT THE RAILROAD TRACKS TWO MILES OUT OF TOWN...
OOOH... GET ME ON LAND NOW—QUICK! QUICK!

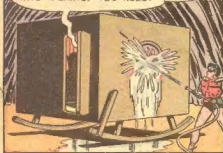


BATMAN!

YOU NEVER LEFT LAND, FASSET!



YOU SEE, FASSET, YOUR SHIP'S "CABIN" WAS REALLY A BOX ON ROCKERS IN THE **BATCAVE!** A HOSE SUPPLIED THE "WAVES"! BUT IT TRICKED YOU INTO TALKING, YOU HEEL!



AFTER DELIVERING THE BLINDFOLDED FENCE TO HEADQUARTERS, THE MAN-HUNTERS HURRY TO HOTEL BELTON NEAR THE TERMINAL RAILROAD STATION...

YOU'RE SURE THIS MAN JUST LEFT?

YES... I REMEMBER HIM BECAUSE HE LOOKED AT THE HOTEL CLOCK AND STOPPED TO ADJUST HIS WRIST WATCH!



ONE MINUTE LATER, IN THE SUPERCHARGED **BATMOBILE**...

BATMAN, IF NUMBERS IS PULLING THIS JOB AT THREE O'CLOCK WE'LL NEVER STOP HIM IN TIME!

YES, WE WILL! WE'VE GOT **THREE EXTRA MINUTES**... JUST BECAUSE NUMBERS SET HIS WATCH BY THE HOTEL CLOCK!

HE DIDN'T KNOW THAT HOTEL CLOCKS NEAR RAILROAD TERMINALS ARE PURPOSELY SET **THREE MINUTES FAST** SO GUESTS CAN MAKE THEIR TRAINS WITH TIME TO SPARE!

WHAT IRONY... A THREE WILL TRIP NUMBERS WHO BELIEVES THREE IS HIS LUCKY NUMBER?



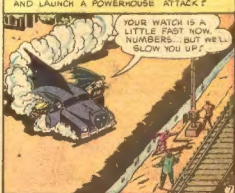
SOON, ALONG THE RAILROAD RIGHT-OF-WAY...

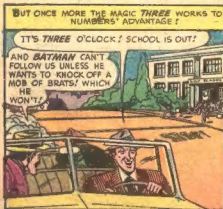
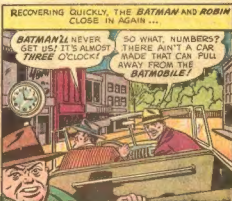
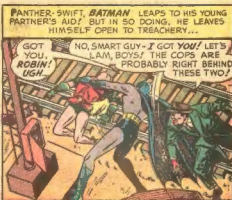
GET IT? I FIX THIS SEMAPHORE SO IT SIGNALS THE THREE O'CLOCK MAIL TRAIN TO STOP—THEN WE HIT THE MAIL CAR!

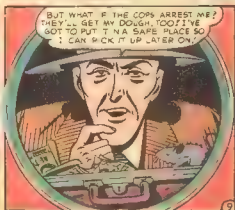
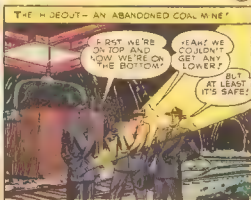
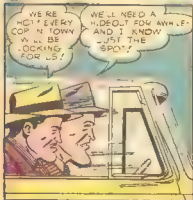


SUDDENLY, THE LAWMEN FLASH TO THE SCENE AND LAUNCH A POWERHOUSE ATTACK!

YOUR WATCH IS A LITTLE FAST NOW, NUMBERS... BUT WE'LL SLOW YOU UP!







LATER, AS FLASH NUMBERS' PHOTOGRAPH ON THE TELEVISION NEWSREEL

IF YOU SEE THIS MAN, REPORT IT AT ONCE TO YOUR LOCAL POLICE

WHY THAT'S THE MAN WHO JUST CHECKED HIS WALSE WITH ME

A HURRY CALL BRINGS THE CAPED MANHUNTERS TO THE SHOP

SURE, **BATMAN** I RECOGNIZED HIS FACE RIGHT AWAY!

HMM? WALSE FLEED WITH MONEY!

BUT ALSO IN THE WALSE ARE THREE STOWAWAYS.

THREE MICE! LOOK AT THEM BUMPING INTO THINGS! YOU'D THINK THEY COULDN'T SEE!

THEY CAN'T! NOTICE THE COLORLESS PUPLES! THOSE MICE ARE BLIND!

OBTAINUSLY THE MICE CRAWLED INTO THE OPEN WALSE, AND WHEN NUMBERS CLOSED IT, HE DIDN'T NOTICE THEM! HMM! BLIND MICE ARE FOUND IN MINE TUNNELS!

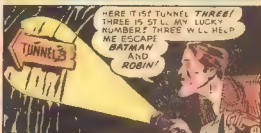
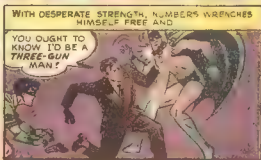
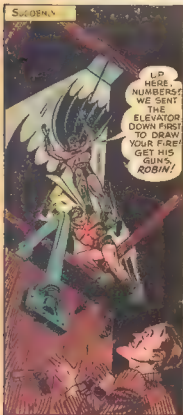
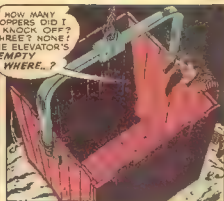
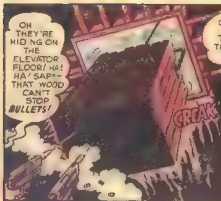
THOSE MICE TELL US WHERE NUMBERS IS H.D.I.N.G.!

TIME PASSES AND NUMBERS, PLAGUED WITH DOUBT, IS HAVING NIGHTMARES

NO THREE! YOU'RE MY LUCKY NUMBER! YOU CAN'T HURT ME NO. NO.

SLUDDENLY A CREAKING SOUND AWAKENS HIM

SOMEONE'S COMING DOWN THE ELEVATOR! COPPERS... IT MUST BE THE COPPERS!

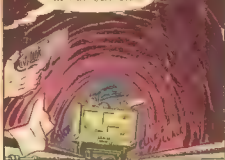


MINUTES PASS AS NUMBERS MOVES THROUGH THE UNDERGROUND LABYRINTH...

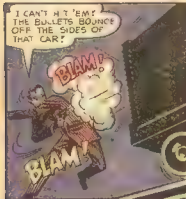
FUNNY... I SHOULD'VE BEEN OUT OF THIS TUNNEL BY NOW! HEY WHAT'S THAT NOISE?... IT'S GETTING LOUDER!



BATMAN AND ROBIN IN THAT COOL CAR!



I CAN'T HIT 'EM! THE BULLETS BOUNCE OFF THE SIDES OF THAT CAR!



THAT'S ALL NUMBERS! YOU'VE GOT THREE STRIKES AGAIN!



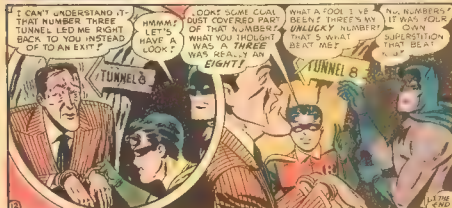
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT- THAT NUMBER THREE TUNNEL LED ME RIGHT BACK TO YOU INSTEAD OF TO AN EXIT!

HMMM! LET'S HAVE A LOOK!

LOOKS SOME COAL DUST COVERED PART OF THAT NUMBER! WHAT YOU THOUGHT WAS A THREE WAS REALLY AN EIGHT!

WHAT A FOOL I'VE BEEN! THREE'S MY UNLUCKY NUMBER! THAT'S WHAT BEAT ME!

NO, NUMBERS! IT WAS YOUR OWN SUPERSTITION THAT BEAT YOU!



GET THIS BIG 8 PIECE SECRET CODE SET

SEND SECRET MESSAGES
that only your friends can read!!



**INVISIBLE INK FOR
SECRET MESSAGES!**

**CODE MACHINE!
MAKE CODES FOR
YOUR CLUB OR GANG!**

**MEMBERSHIP
CERTIFICATE**

MESSAGE PAUSE!

**INK DEVELOPER!
MAKES WORDS APPEAR
ON BLANK PAPER!**

SECRET AGENT CARD

**ANOTHER CODE MACHINE!
ONE FOR YOU - ONE FOR
YOUR PARTNER!**

Start a Secret Code Set today! It's the most exciting thing you can do! The Private Code Set has everything you need to send secret messages. It includes invisible ink, a code machine, a membership certificate, an ink developer, a secret agent card, and a Bazooka wrapper. It's the most complete set of secret code equipment ever made. Buy it today!

ONLY

WITH ONE 25¢

BAZOOKA WRAPPER



BIG CHEWS

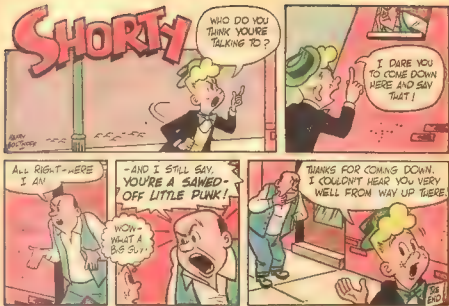


BAZOOKA, BOX NO 20, MADISON SQUARE
STATION, NEW YORK, 10, N.Y.
PLEASE SEND ME COMPLETE CODE-O-GRAPH
SET. I ENCLOSE 25¢ AND A BAZOOKA WRAPPER.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____



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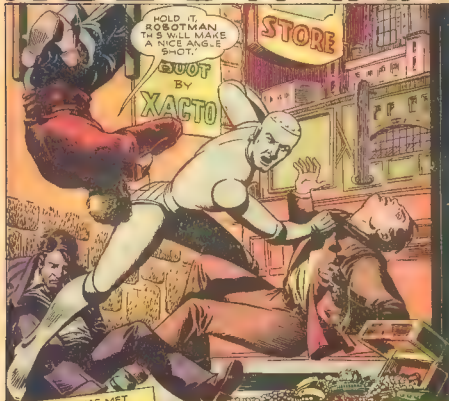
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WORLD'S FINEST COMICS



ROBOTMAN



ROBOTMAN HAS MET COUNTLESS CRIMINAL FIENDS IN HIS CONSTANT BATTLE AGAINST EVIL. BUT THE MAN OF METAL MEETS ANOTHER KIND OF THUG HARDER TO COPE WITH THAN ANY BEFORE. WITH THE SECRET OF HIS DUAL IDENTITY AS PAUL DENNIS IN DANGER, ROBOTMAN NEEDS WIT AND BRAVRY BOTH, WHEN HE IS HARASSED BY—

MORNING IN THE CITY AND AS A MAN PARKS HIS CAR ON A SIDE STREET, SUDDENLY HIJACKERS ATTACK.

WE'LL TAKE YOUR SHINY NEW CAR, MISTER. IT'S WORTH PLENTY.



"The
CANDID CAMERA PEST!"

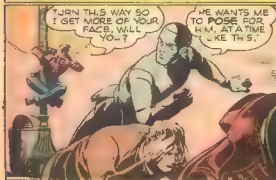
BUT PAUL DENNIS COMES UPON THE SCENE...

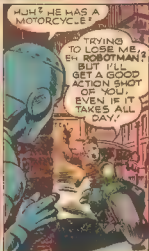
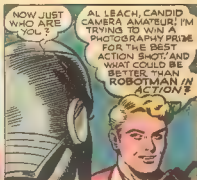


IN A SWIFT CHANGE OF IDENTITY, PAUL DENNIS REMOVES PLASTIC DISGUISE AND CLOTHING TO REVEAL THE FAMED METALLIC FORM OF ROBOTMAN.

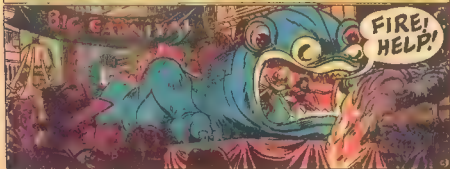


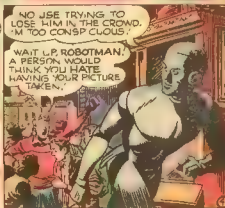
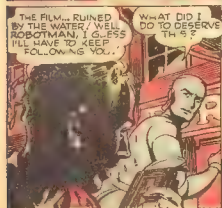
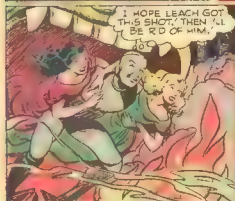
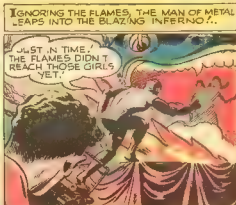
THE INTERESTED OBSERVER IS NONE OTHER THAN AL LEACH, CANDID CAMERA FIEND.





MEANWHILE D GASTER STRIKES DURING A GALA STREET CARNIVAL PARADE.





ROBOTMAN'S PROBLEM IS
SOMETHING HE CAN'T REVEAL
TO ANYONE

I
SHOULD HAVE
THOUGHT OF
THIS BEFORE.
GOING UP TO
THE ROOF

NOW I'M SAFE, LEECH
HAD HIS CHANCE TO GET
SHOTS OF ROBOTMAN
BEFORE. NOW IT'S
TOO LATE!

SAY, MISTER,
DID YOU SEE
ROBOTMAN
AROUND?

ROBOTMAN?
SORRY.

BUT AT THAT MOMENT, CRIME AGAIN STRIKES
AT A NEARBY CORNER.

WE'LL TAKE
PLENTY OUT OF
THAT GUY!

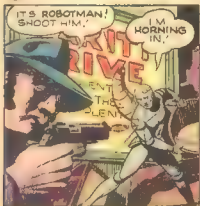
DONATE
PLENTY TO THE HORN
OF PLENTY

IN A FLASH, ROBOTMAN AGAIN
APPEARS, BUT HIS CHANGE FROM
PAUL DENNIS IS WITNESSED BY THE
AVID CAMERA OF LEECH...

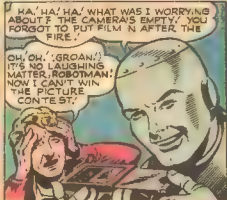
ANA!
ROBOTMAN
POPPED UP
FROM
NOWHERE!

ULPS, I FORGOT
ABOUT THAT
"LEECH"!

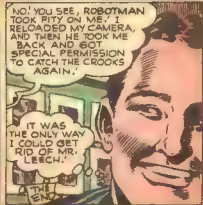
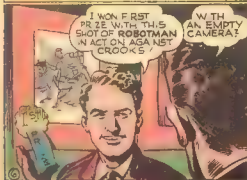
NOW I AM IN TROUBLE!
THE CHANGE WAS TOO FAST FOR
LEECH'S EYE, BUT WHEN HE
DEVELOPS THE FILM, THE CAMERA
WON'T LIE. BUT RIGHT NOW,
FOR THOSE CROOKS,

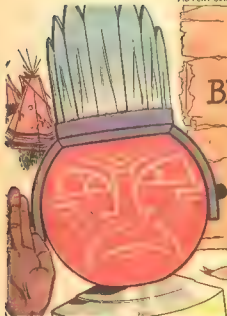


ROBOTMAN WINS OUT AGAINST BANDITRY, AND WITHOUT A MOMENT'S LOSS...



BUT THE NEXT DAY, WHEN PAUL DENNIS VISITS THE CONTEST...

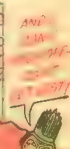




KIDS!

BRUSHING TEETH IS FUN WITH KOLYNOS INJUN KAP!

THE ONLY TOOTHPASTE CAP
THAT WORKS LIKE THIS!



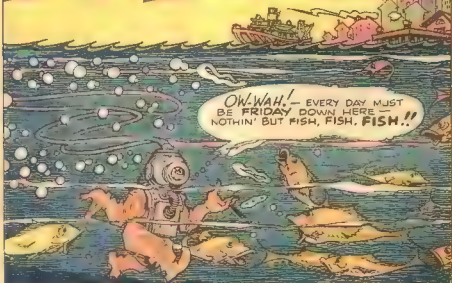
GEE
IT'S FUN TO
BRUSH MY
TEETH NOW

THE KAP'S
ALWAYS WHERE
IT SHOULD BE—
ON THE TUBE

KOLYNOS HAS
GOT SOMETHING EXTRA—
IT SWEETENS THE
BREATH AS IT
FIGHTS TEETH



SUPER SLEUTH MCFOEY



HEY-HEY! D.A.—
WHAT COOKS TO-DAY?

DOUBLE-PLenty, McFOEY!
SMUGGLING, WHOLESALE SMUGGLING
IS THE DISH OF THE DAY—AND IT'S
A VERY UNTASTY DISH I WANNA
TELL YOU— SIDDOWN!!

A CLIQUE OF INTERNATIONAL SMUGGLERS
HAS BEEN HUSTLING MILLIONS OF DOLLARS
WORTH OF RARE GEMS RIGHT THROUGH OUR
PORT HERE, AND WE CAN'T FIND THE
SLIGHTEST TRACE OF HOW THEY DO IT!
THE AUTHORITIES ARE PANICKY!!

I'LL TAKE OVER, D.A.—
I'VE GOT ME A HUNCH!



OH, THANKS, THANKS, THANKS, MCFOOEY! —
AND I HOPE YOUR LUNCH IS A GOOD ONE —
THE REPUTATION OF THIS ENTIRE OFFICE
IS AT STAKE!!

SO LONG, D.A. — AND
FORGET YOUR WORRIES!

HM — MY FIRST CALL WILL
BE ON MY OL' PAL, JERRY MCGOON.
IT'S A CINCINCH THAT IF THEY'RE SMUGGLIN'
ALL THAT STUFF IN, IT MUST BE COMIN'
ABOARD SHIPS... THEY COULD NEVER
HIDE IT ON PLANES.

TO THE
WATER
FRONT.

TOP O' THE T' ME OF DAY TO YOU,
JERRY, OL' CHUM — I JUST DROPPED
DOWN TO HAVE A BIT OF A CHAT WITH YA.

SAY IT, OL' PAL AN' BE
DONE WITH IT — I'M ONLY HOPIN'
THAT SOME OF IT'LL BE THE TRUTH!

WELL, KNOWIN' Y'T' BE THE CHAMPEEN
DIVING AUTHORITY IN ALL THE WORLD, AND
WITH ALL THE EQUIPMENT ON HAND — I WAS
WONDERIN' IF YOU'D LEND ME A DIVIN' OUTFIT?
I WANTA TAKE A SHORT STROLL AROUND
THE HARBOR — **ON BOTTOM!**

AN' WHY NOT?

DIVERS' RIG
OVERHAULED

DIVERS' RIG

MCFOOEY, Y'RASCAL, I'VE GOT JUST THE PROPER
THING FOR YA — I'VE JUST FINISHED MAKING IT,
AND IT WORKS PERFECT... HERE, **TRY IT ON!!**

WITH THAT OUTFIT YOU DON'T EVEN
HAVE TO HAVE AIR PLUMPED DOWN TO YOU —
YOU CARRY A 24-HOUR SUPPLY OF
OXYGEN RIGHT ALONG IN THE HELMET —
WITH EMERGENCY RATIONS TO BOOT —
HOW DOES IT FIT?

OKAY, PAL —
LOCK THE WINDOW
AN' TOSS ME IN!!

ANYTHING TO PLEASE A PLAYMATE—
HAPPY LANDING!!

FLOP!!

DAVY JONES,
WE ARE HERE!!

QUICKLY REORGANIZING HIMSELF, McFOOHEY IMMEDIATELY
PROWLS THE MURKY DEPTHS, INTENT ON SEARCHING
THE ENTIRE HARBOR FOR HIS ELUSIVE PREY...

OOPS!—THEY SHOULD HAVE
TRAFFIC LIGHTS DOWN HERE AT LEAST!

CAGELY SOUNDING THE HULL OF EVERY SHIP WITH HIS
TWO-WAY DICTAPHONE (WHICH HE ALWAYS CARRIES
WITH HIM), HE HEARS EVERY WORD WHISPERED
ABOARD EACH SHIP ABOVE HIM...

AFTER TESTING EXACTLY 102 SHIPS,
HOWEVER, HE HITS THE JACKPOT!

ANOTHER OLD!—ALL
THE CREW IS SQUANKY!
ABOUT IS "NO MORE
FISH 'N' CABBAGE".

AH!—THIS IS IT!!
HERE'S MY BABY NOW!!

AND WHAT A NEAT GAG... THEY JUST SWUNG THESE METAL CONTAINERS ALONG THEIR KEEL—HELD IN PLACE BY ELECTRIC MAGNETS HIDDEN IN THE BALLAST, AND ALWAYS RELEASED THEM AT THE SAME IDENTICAL SPOT WHENEVER THEY ANCHOR HERE IN PORT!!

THEN, A FEW NIGHTS AFTER THEY'D SAILED, THEIR CONFEDERATES ASHORE WOULD PUT OUT IN SMALL BOATS, GRAPPLE THE STUFF, AND TOW IT ASHORE...

I'LL JUST OPEN ONE UP AS A CONVINCER.

WHIPPING OUT AN ACETYLENE TORCH (WHICH HE ALWAYS CARRIES WITH HIM) McFOOEY IS SOON DRENCHED WITH A SHOWER OF RUBIES, DIAMONDS, SAPPHIRES, PEARLS AND EMERALDS IN BUSHEL LOTS.

NEXT, RISING TO THE SURFACE, HE QUICKLY DIALS IN THE HARBOR PATROL ON HIS "WALKIE-TALKIE" (WHICH HE IS NEVER WITHOUT) AND GIVES FULL DETAILS...

'LO, CHIEF?
McFOOEY TALKIN'
...LISTEN!!

THEN TO FINISH THE JOB COMPLETE, HE SINKS ONCE MORE TO THE BOTTOM AND, (THE ACETYLENE TORCH AGAIN) RESURELY SCUTTLES THE SHIP.

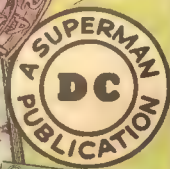
NEXT—AT LONG LAST, HE TAKES HIMSELF A GRANDSTAND SEAT...

THIS IS JUST TO KEEP THEM FROM RUNNING OFF SOMEWHERE.

GREAT WORK.—THEY'VE CAUGHT THE WHOLE KIT AN' KIBOODLE OF 'EM,
CASE IS CLOSED!!

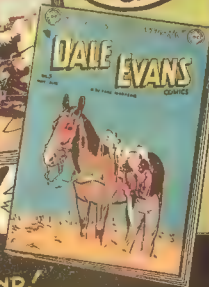
THE END

**YOU'LL FIND THIS
SURE-FIRE
BRAND**



**ON
THESE
SURE-
FIRE**

**WESTERN
WINNERS!**



**ASK FOR THESE
MAGAZINES AT YOUR
FAVORITE NEWSSTAND!**

SLAM BRADLEY

WHAT A LIFE! BUSINESS HAS GONE SO SOUR FOR PRIVATE DETECTIVES SLAM BRADLEY AND SHORTY MORGAN THAT THEIR OFFICE LOOKS LIKE A BILL COLLECTORS' CONVENTION... WHILE A FEW BLOCKS AWAY GANGLAND STAGES A BANQUET TO CELEBRATE THE LUCK OF LUCKY LOUIE. SO THE BOYS COOKED UP A SCHEME TO CRASH THE PARTY VIA THE KITCHEN AND MAKE SOME DRASTIC CHANGES IN...

*DO The LUCK of
LUCKY LOUIE!*



ON A DARK AND STORMY NIGHT, A CAR APPROACHES UPSTATE PRISON.

YOUR LUCK'S STILL HOLDING, LUCKY LOUIE! UPSTATE'S THE BEST PRISON AROUND THESE PARTS. THEY TELL ME.

DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH, FLATFOOT! WITH MY LUCK, I'LL BE OUT OF THERE AS FAST AS YOU ARE!

WHILE NEARBY...

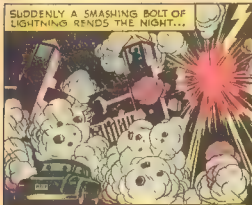
THERE GOES LUCKY LOUIE INTO THE PEN. I GUESS HIS LUCK HAS FINALLY RUN OUT.

DON'T BELIEVE IT! HE SAID TO WAIT HERE AND LUCK WOULD GET HIM OUT. IT ALWAYS HAS SO FAR!

P.D.



SUDDENLY A SMASHING BOLT OF LIGHTNING RENDS THE NIGHT...



BACK IN THE CITY, NEXT MORNING, SLAM BRADLEY AND SHORTY MORGAN ARE FACING ANOTHER KIND OF LUCK... ALL BAD!

'BUSINESS COULDN'T BE WORSE SHORTY.

DON'T SAY THAT, SLAM. WITH US, ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN.'



IT HAPPENED AGAIN! LIGHTNING SMASHED THE PRISON GATES.

GET THAT CAR STARTED, YOU MUGS! DIDN'T I TELL YOU TO TRUST MY LUCK TO GET ME OUTA THERE?



SUDDENLY...

SORRY, BOB! I GOT ORDERS TO TAKE THE FURNITURE BACK! YOU'RE THREE MONTHS BEHIND IN YOUR PAYMENTS!

HEY! WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA?



HEY! WE CAN'T RUN OUR BUSINESS WITH NOTHING IN THE OFFICE BUT A TELEPHONE...

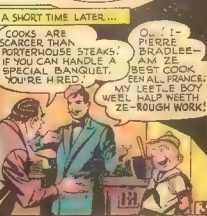
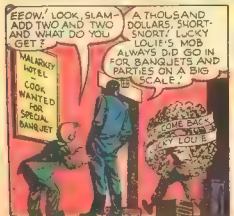
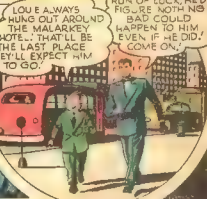
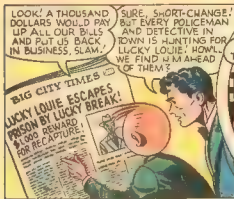
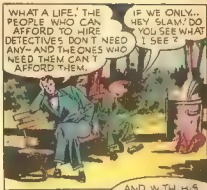
I'LL TAKE CARE OF THAT LITTLE PROBLEM, GENTLEMEN.



I'M TAKING THE TELEPHONE—UNTIL YOU GET THE BILL PAID UP!

SWELL! WHY DON'T YOU TAKE THE CLOTHES OFF OUR BACK TOO, SO WE CAN START FROM SCRATCH?





THE BANQUET STARTS IN AN HOUR, SO GET BUSY! AND PUT A ROW OF CANDLES AROUND THAT CAKE WHEN YOU GET A CHANCE!

SURE... I MEAN, OUI, MONSIEUR!

LUCKY LOU!

THIS IS PERFECT! YOU HIDE INSIDE THE CAKE UNTIL YOU HEAR ME DROP SOME DISHES! THAT'LL BE THE SIGNAL TO COME OUT SLUGGING!

THE THINGS I DO FOR A MERE THOUSAND DOLLARS! HOWMA I GONNA BREATHE INSIDE THERE, SLAM?

SIMPLE! THE OUTSIDE ROW IS REAL CANDLES! THIS INSIDE ROW WILL BE HOLLOW PAPER TUBES TO LET AIR IN!

FOR ONCE I CAN EAT MY CAKE AND HAVE IT, TOO!

QUICK! SOMEBODYS COMING! DON'T MAKE A SOUND!

I WON'T! I'LL CHEW WITH MY LIPS CLOSED!

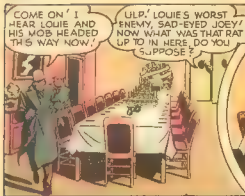
TRAMP TRAMP

NOBODY'S AROUND! QUICK, GIMME THEM DYNAMITE STICKS, LEFTY!

HERE YUH ARE, JOE. BUT MAKE IT SNAPPY!

THERE! WHEN THE CANDLES BURN DOWN, THE DYNAMITE'LL GO OFF AND LUCKY LOU'IE'LL BE FRESH OUTTA LUCK!

AND WE'LL BE FRESH OUTTA COMPETITION! SMART PLANNING, SAMMY! LOU'IE'S MOB HAS BOTHERED US LONG ENOUGH!

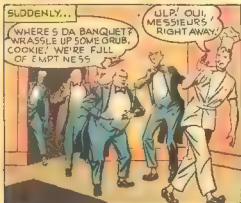
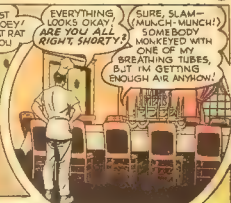


COME ON! I HEAR LOUIE AND HIS MOB HEADED THIS WAY NOW!

UHP! LOUIE'S WORST ENEMY, SAD-EYED JOE! NOW WHAT WAS THAT RAT UP TO IN HERE, DO YOU SUPPOSE?

EVERYTHING LOOKS OKAY! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, SHORTY?

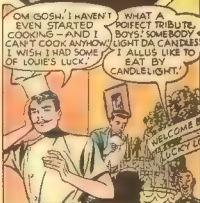
SURE, SLAM—(MUNCH-MUNCH!) SOMEBODY MONKEYED WITH ONE OF MY BREATHING TUBES, BUT I'M GETTING ENOUGH AIR ANYHOW!



SUDDENLY...

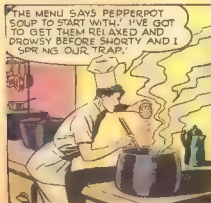
WHERE'S DA BANQUET? WRASSLE UP SOME GRUB, COOKIE! WE'RE FULL OF EMT NESS

UHP! OUI, MESSIEURS! RIGHT AWAY!

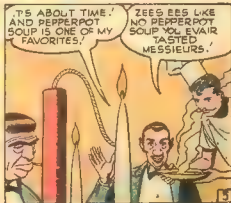


OM GOSH, I HAVEN'T EVEN STARTED COOKING—AND I CAN'T COOK ANYHOW! I WISH I HAD SOME OF LOUIE'S LUCK!

WHAT A PERFECT TRIBUTE, BOYS! SOMEBODY LIGHT DA CANDLES! I ALLUS LIKE TO EAT BY CANDLELIGHT.

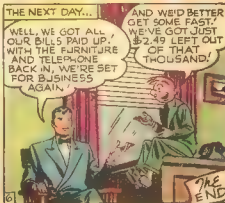
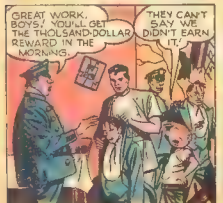
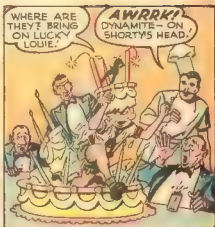


THE MENU SAYS PEPPERPOT SOUP TO START WITH. I'VE GOT TO GET THEM RELAXED AND DROWSY BEFORE SHORTY AND I SPRING OUR TRAP.



IT'S ABOUT TIME! AND PEPPERPOT SOUP IS ONE OF MY FAVORITES!

ZEEES EES LIKE NO PEPPERPOT SOUP YOL EVAIR TASTED MESSIEURS.



A BIG
HIT *in*
ADVENTURE
COMICS

— AND NOW

SUPERBOY

HAS A MAGAZINE
ALL HIS OWN!

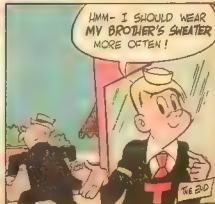
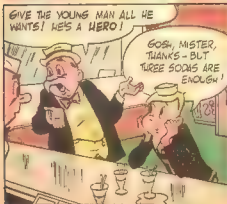
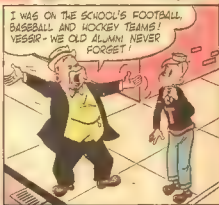
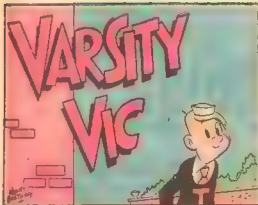


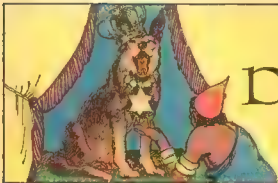
THE MILLIONS OF
FANS WHO HAVE
THRILLED TO THE
STARTLING EXPLOITS
OF
THE MAN OF STEEL
CAN THRILL AGAIN
TO THE AMAZING
ADVENTURES OF

SUPERMAN
WHEN HE
WAS A BOY!

On Sale
Everywhere

DON'T MISS
THIS 2ND
GREAT ISSUE!





A DOG'S LIFE

THE servant bowed low. "Your Majesty," he said, "these two men are arguing about which one really owns a sheep. Will Your Majesty point out the real owner?"

The King said nothing. He merely barked at one of the men.

"That one? Thank you. Now will your Majesty have dinner?"

The King barked again, very loudly. The servant bowed again as he stepped back, and soon he brought in a plate on which rested a piece of meat and two bones. The King's mouth opened eagerly, and he leaped from his throne. Tearing the meat with his mouth and paws, he gulped down huge pieces.

That was a strange way for a King to act. But this was a strange king—no other than a dog! At one time, the Ethiopians preferred a dog king to a human king—possibly because a dog king did less harm—and paid him great honor. They surrounded him with servants and guards, and his slightest bark was a royal command.

This may sound silly to you, but in the olden days people all over had strange ideas about animals. In Egypt, people actually thought that dogs were gods, and the men who studied the stars named one of them the Dog-Star. In Greece, Pythagoras, who was in some ways a very wise man, did even queerer things. When one of his friends died, he kept a dog at the grave, so that his friend's spirit might enter the dog!

In other parts of Asia, and the ancient world, dogs were not honored at all. In fact, they were considered unclean beasts, and the worst thing the people of India could call a man was "a dog."

Nowadays we know that dogs are neither gods nor unclean beasts. They are simply ordinary animals which we like to think of as "man's best friends."

How did man get this friend? Well, it took him a great many years. And we're not sure exactly how it happened. But we have a good idea.

Once there was a man who had a very good pet. This pet followed him around, barked happily when the man scratched him behind the ears, showed his teeth when an enemy threatened his master, and whined when the man went away. But this pet was not a dog. He was a wolf, an ordinary wolf which the man had tamed.

Scientists think that the first dog was like this man's pet—a tame wolf. Dogs and wolves are very much alike, and sometimes you can see a dog that is part wolf.

Scientists have found pictures drawn more than 5,000 years ago, and these pictures show dogs used for hunting. How did the wolf change into a dog, the different kinds of dogs we have now?

The way the change took place is called

evolution All human beings are related, all of us are part of the same race. We all had the same ancestors. Yet, in America, men developed a red skin, in Japan, a yellow skin and short body, in Africa a black skin, in some parts of Europe a pink-white skin and blonde hair. They did this because they were separated by mountains and oceans, and each group developed in its own way.

No group is better than the others. The groups are merely different in little ways. Dogs became different by this same process of evolution. Dogs kept in one country turned into English bulldogs or French poodles.

Is this just a guess, or can we prove it? The answer is that we can prove it. Some types of dog were deliberately produced by animal breeders, who kept them separate from others, and turned them into the kinds of dogs they wanted.

So you see, a Mexican Chihuahua, that a man can hold in the palm of his hand, is a cousin of the Saint Bernard, which may weigh over 200 pounds! They both had the same great-great-great-great grandfathers and grandmothers—just as white, red, yellow, and black men all came from the same ancestors.

What Dogs Do For Us

One of the first uses of dogs was for hunting. Dogs, as you know, have a very good sense of smell, and they can follow a trail that no man could see. But soon people saw that dogs were intelligent animals, and learned how to train them.

Dogs pull sleds over the snow in the Far North. They pull little wagons in Belgium and other countries in Europe, and you may know that in some places children ride on them as they do horses.

Dogs are used for watching, for trailing lost or escaped people, and for fighting in war. The Indians used to eat dogs, but most of us would rather keep them for pets, simply because they can be so friendly and loyal.

Nowadays, we have learned a new use for dogs. Scientists study them, and thus learn how to cure human beings of diseases.

How Human Are Dogs?

Are dogs like people? Can they be taught to do things that boys and girls can?

Some of the things. They can learn to understand many words, although the shape of their mouth and throat doesn't let them talk. (There have been exceptions—but even the best talking dog doesn't talk very well.) But they never learn to understand words as well as an ordinary three-year-old child.

They have very good eyes. But they can't appreciate pictures the way people can, because they can't see colors. To them, everything is just black and white.

On the other hand, their ears can catch sounds that are so shrill and high-pitched that we can never hear them. Some men have trained their dogs to answer to a strange whistle. The whistle makes a shrill sound that even the man himself can't hear. But the dog hears it, even though he is far away, and comes running!

Some men have a very keen sense of smell. But the best-trained man doesn't come near the ability of an ordinary dog in distinguishing different odors.

Scientists have learned to hypnotize dogs. They can put a dog to sleep with his eyes wide open. When a dog is hypnotized, they can make him refuse food, run away from people he likes, and do all sorts of other queer things.

But they can't make a hypnotized dog do as many things as a hypnotized man will do, because a dog doesn't understand orders as well as a man does.

So you see that in some ways dogs can do things men can't; in other ways men can do things dogs can't; in a few ways they can both do the same things.

One thing, however, that dogs can't do as well as men is think. Their brains aren't developed enough. And that's a pity, because it would be interesting to have dogs write articles about men, as well as the other way around. We'd be interested to know what they think of us!

The

BOY COMMANDOS

GIVE DEM
COMMANDOS
50 YEARS!

PUT EM
ON DA
ROCK PILE!

HAW HAW!

WARNING! TO ALL COPS--
AND COMMANDOS!

- THIS LAND S OURS!
IT BELONGS TO US
CROOKS BY LAW!
WE'RE SAFE HERE
BUT YOU CAN'T SET
FOOT ON THE PLACE!
IF YOU DO WE'LL
ARREST YOU BECAUSE
THIS IS

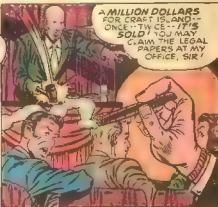
"GANGSTER
ISLAND!"

THE ESTATE OF THE LATE MILLIONAIRE, J. BULKLEY CRAFT GOES TO THE AUCTION BLOCK

AND NOW A PRIVATE ISLAND CRAFT IS OFFERED DO I HEAR ANY BIDS?

YEAH MISTER 'A MILLION BUCKS'

A MILLION NO ONE' TOP THAT



A MILLION DOLLARS FOR CRAFT ISLAND-- ONCE-- TWICE-- IT'S SOLD! YOU MAY CLAIM THE LEGAL PAPERS AT MY OFFICE, SIR!

ONE WEEK AFTER ON CRAFT ISLAND NOTORIOUS FIGURES GATHER

BOYS OUR DOUGH PAID FOR THIS ISLAND. IT'S OURS! WE'RE GOIN' TO MAKE IT A SAFE PLACE FOR CRIMINALS AND THE LAW WON'T BE ABLE TO TOUCH US! RIGHT MOUTHPIECE?



THAT'S CORRECT BEING BEYOND THE 2-MILE LIMIT CRAFT ISLAND DOESN'T OBSERVE EXTRADITION LAWS. THAT IS INTERNATIONAL CODE O STATES THAT YOU CAN'T BE ARRESTED WHILE ON THIS ISLAND!

GET IT WE'RE SAFE FROM THE COPS!

HAW HAW WE CAN PULL JOBS ON THE MAIN, AND AN' ESCAPE BACK HERE TO SAFETY! DA COPS CAN'T TOUCH US ON CRAFT ISLAND

SAY I JUST GOT A TERRIFIC IDEA! WE'LL CHANGE DUH NAME OF DIS PLACE TO,





SOON - ORGANIZED CRIME STRIKES
THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY AS IT
NEVER HAS BEFORE.



AND ON EACH OCCASION THE CRIMINALS RETURN
TO THE UNIQUE PROTECTION OF GANGSTER ISLAND.

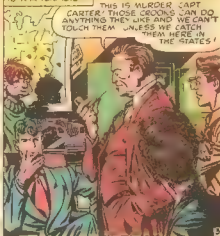
GANGSTER ISLAND' TREASPASSERS
WILL BE SHOT ON SIGHT! THIS
INCLUDES F.B.I. AGENTS, COPS,
COAST GUARD AND COMMANDOS!

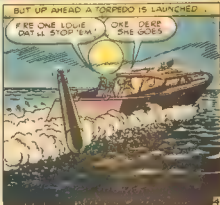
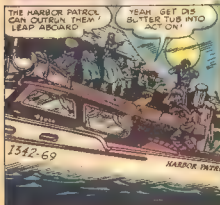
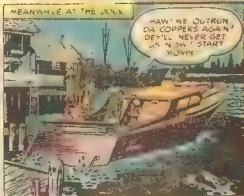
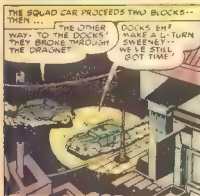
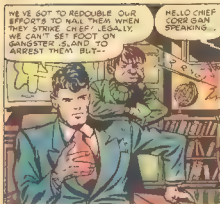
(SIGNED) -
ED (KNUCKLES) CRAWFORD
PRESIDENT



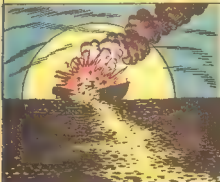
FEW IF ANY ARRESTS ARE MADE - HEADQUARTERS
IS IN A TURMOIL.

THIS IS MURDER CAPT
CARTER! THOSE CROOKS CAN DO
ANYTHING THEY LIKE AND WE CAN'T
TOUCH THEM UNLESS WE CATCH
THEM HERE IN
THE STATES!





TOO LATE THE PATROL BOAT PILOT SEES THE GLISTENING MUSS LE HURTLING TOWARD HIM...



AND AFTERWARDS, ASHORE...

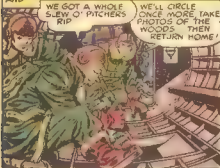
ANOTHER FAILURE! BOYS, THIS CLINCHES IT. WE'VE GOT TO DRIVE THEM OFF THE ISLAND!



A DARING PLAN BEGINS TO TAKE SHAPE. FIRST A BOMBER CIRCLES HIGH OVER THE ISLAND, AND

WE GOT A WHOLE SLEW O' PITCHERS RIP

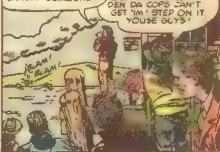
WE'LL CIRCLE ONCE MORE, TAKE PHOTOS OF THE WOODS, THEN RETURN HOME!



THE FOLLOWING DAY-- THE SECOND PHASE OF THE INFILTRATION PLAN IS PUT INTO EFFECT.

IT'S A POLICE BOAT- CHASIN' SOMEONE!

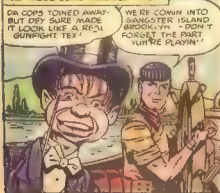
HOPE DA POOR GUY CAN MAKE IT HERE-- DEN DA COPS CAN'T GET 'IM! STEP ON IT YOUSE GUYS!



AND THOSE BEING "PURSUED" ARE

DA COPS TOINED AWAY- BUT DRY SURE MADE IT LOOK LIKE A REAL GUNFIGHT TEX!

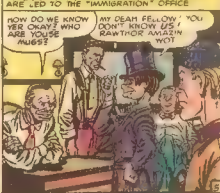
WE'RE COMIN INTO GANGSTER ISLAND BROOKLYN - DON'T FORGET THE PART YUH'RE PLAYIN'!

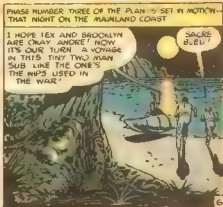
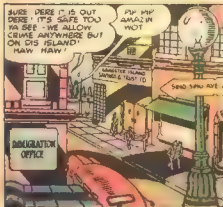
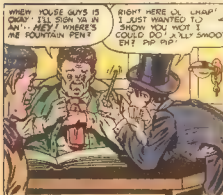
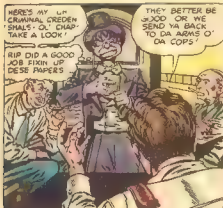


AFTER LANDING, THE DISGUISED COMMANDOS ARE LED TO THE "IMMIGRATION" OFFICE

HOW DO WE KNOW YER OKAY? WHO ARE YOUSE MUGS?

MY DEAR FELLOW! YOU DON'T KNOW US! RAWTHOR AMAZIN WOT





MOMENTS LATER THE STRANGE CRAFT SUBMERGES INTO DEEP WATER, CARRYING RIP AND ANDRE TOWARD AN UNKNOWN DESTINY ON GANGSTER ISLAND!

THIS WON'T BE A TEA PARTY ANDRE! THE CROOKS THREATEN TO SHOOT ANY LAWYMAN WHO GOES TO THE ISLAND!

WE NEED POSITIVE INFORMATION ON THEIR ACTIVITIES - THEIR CRIME SCHEDULES - FUTURE JOBS - WHO THE LEADER IS! BROOKLYN AND TEX WILL DO THAT UP!

ZE ISLAND MESS! RIP! FET SUDS UP AHEAD! I SEE ZEE SIGN!

THE TINY SUB IS HIDDEN IN A LONELY CREEK AND...

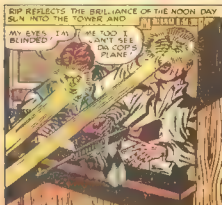
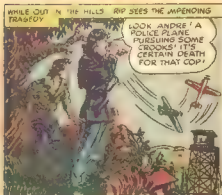
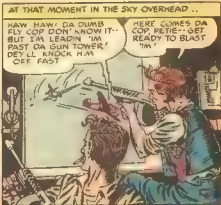
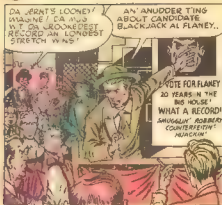
I'VE ARRANGED WITH THE BOYS TO SIGNAL THEM WITH THIS MIRROR. HMM. CAREFUL OF THIS POISON IVY! IT'S ALL OVER THE PLACE.

FINALLY! HERE WE ARE AT RENDEZVOUS X! THE PLACE WE SELECTED FROM AERIAL MAPS TO MEET WITH BROOKLYN AND TEX WHEN THEY'VE GOT INFORMATION!

AND WE CAN WATCH ZE TOWN FROM THE TOP OF THIS BLUFF! NOW

THE NEXT MORNING THE TOWN IS BUZZING! IT'S ELECTION TIME ON GANGSTER ISLAND!

KNUCKLES ED. RAWLEY FOR PRESIDENT AGAIN!
VOTE FER KNUCKLES!
HE'S GOT DA LONGEST CRIMINAL RECORD!



FOR LONG MOMENTS, RIP WRESTLES WITH THE BAFFLING PROBLEM

THERE S GOT TO BE A WAY OF CLEARING THOSE CROOKS OUT 'O THE LAW CAN ARREST THEM! LET'S CHECK THESE AERIAL MAPS AGAIN! PERHAPS AN ANSWER LIES THERE



MEANWHILE, THE POPULACE OF GANGSTER ISLAND HAS MOVED TO ALCAITRAZ AUDITORIUM FOR THE FINAL SELECT ON OF CANDIDATES...

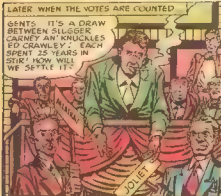
SLUGGER CARNEY F.R. PRESIDENT!

NOW WE WANT BUGSY DENMORE!



LATER WHEN THE VOTES ARE COUNTED

GENTS IT'S A DRAW BETWEEN SLUGGER CARNEY AN' KNUCKLES ED CRAWLEY! EACH SPENT 25 YEARS IN STIR! NOW WILL WE SETTLE IT?



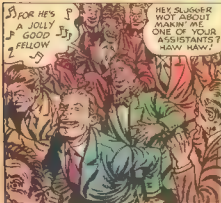
WAIT A MINNIT! THERE S SOMETHIN' I FORGOT TO TELL YA! I SPENT A YEAR IN REFORM SCHOOL AS A KID... YA CAN CHECK DA RECORDS!

DA! MAKES 26 YEARS! SLUGGER WINS! HE'S PRESIDENT!



♪ FOR HE'S ♪
♪ A JOLLY ♪
♪ GOOD ♪
♪ FELLOW ♪

HEY SLUGGER WOT ABOUT MAKIN' ME ONE OF YOUR ASSISTANTS? HAW HAW!

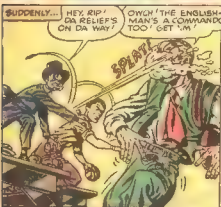
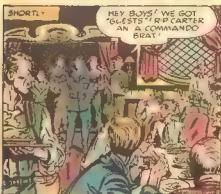


MEANWHILE RIP HAS LEO ANDRE ON A PATROL INTO TOWN - WHERE THEY ENTER A HUGE BASEMENT UNDER THE ISLAND MESS HALL ...

THEY'RE RETURNING FROM THE CONVENTION FOR DINNER! HURRY, ANDRE GET THIS STUFF INTO THE FURNACE!

LUCKY WE SPOTTED ZIS MESS HALL ON ZE MAP!







BUT IN THE END IT'S THE OLD STORY-- TOO MANY AGAINST TOO FEW...

I'M DOUBLECROSS LOUIE MORGAN, CARTER-- THE D.A. HERE, IT'S MY DUTY TO LOCK YA UP AN' PROSECUTE YA! HAW, HAW!



THE VERDICT...

DA COMMANDO'S ARE CONVICTED! HA, HA!

LEMMIE BE WARDEN OVER 'EM! HO, HO!

LOOK 'EM UP! LOCK 'EM UP!

GO FLY A KITE, YA SAPS!



BUT THEN SOMETHING HAPPENS TO THE JEERING CROWD...

HEY! WHAT'S WRONG! I'M ALL ITCHY!

ME TOO!

I'M BURNIN' UP!

SO AM I!



A QUICK "TRIAL"...

SO TO PAY FR ALL DA GUYS CARTER SENT UP DA RIVER, I'M ASKIN' 50 YEARS FOR 'IM! WOT SAY?

YEAH--ON THE ROCK FILE!

AN' SOLITARY! HAW!



AND SO-- "JAIL" FOR THE COMMANDOS!...

HO, HO, HO! CARTER BEHIND BARS! DIS IS GREAT!

HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BARS, COMMANDOS?

YA C'N GET TIME OFF FOR BAD BEHAVIOR! HAW!



IT'S WORKING!

LISTEN TO ME-- ALL OF YOU! I STILL CAN SAVE YOUR LIVES!

DIS ITCH IS KILLIN' ME! WHAT'S CARTER TALKIN' ABOUT?



AS RIP SPEAKS, A GHOSTLY SILENCE FALLS OVER THE CROWD...

THIS ISLAND WAS CONDEMNED BY THE NAVY AFTER AN A-BOMB TEST! IT'S **RADIO-ACTIVE**! YOU'RE DYING OF **RADIO POISONING**! IT BEGINS WITH A TERRIBLE ITCH-- THEN DEATH! YOUR ONLY CHANCE IS TO LEAVE THIS ISLAND AND GET TO THE HOSPITAL ON THE MAINLAND BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!

I GOT DA ITCH-BLISERS! I'M SCRAMMIN'!

I HOID O' DIS RADIO STUFF! I'M TAKIN' A BOAT FAST!

WAIT FOR ME, PETIE! I'M RADIO-ACTIVE, TOO!

MOMENTS LATER, GANGSTER ISLAND RESEMBLES A SINKING SHIP WITH RATS DESERTING IT BY THE SCORE...

DON'T LEAVE-- WAIT F'R ME!

HELP! SAVE ME!

BEYOND, WHERE A FLEET OF PATROL BOATS WAITS...

TRIGGER ELLIS-- SLUGGER CARNEY-- TOLEDO WILSON-- WELCOME HOME, BOYS!

TAKE US, COPPER! BUT HURRY! GET US TO THE HOSPITAL! WE'RE CROAKIN'!

BY NIGHTFALL-- GANGSTER ISLAND IS EMPTY, AND THE JAILS ARE JAMMED!

GIMME DA GIMMICK AGAIN, RIP!

I PUT **POISON IVY** IN THE FURNACE! CONTACTING THE FUMES FROM THE STUFF IS THE FASTEST WAY TO GET IT! WHEN THE CROOKS BEGAN TO ITCH, I GAVE MY **RADIO-ACTIVE POISONING** SPEECH-- AND THEY FELL FOR IT!

THE END

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— Charles Atlas

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